Dec. 20, 1898.— 17M $4.50 Mary Holmes

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT
of the Woman's Board of Home Missions of the
Presbyterian Church, No. 156 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

The

Home Missionary Locomotive:

AN EXERCISE

FOR

Mission Bands, Junior Endeavors and Young People's Missionary Societies.

COMPANION TO THE

"Foreign Missionary Steamship" and
"Voices from Our Southland."

ARRANGED BY

MARY E. HOLMES, Ph. D.

THE HOME MISSIONARY LOCOMOTIVE.

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(Across the platform suspend a large sheet on which is drawn, in side view, a locomotive and tender, with the fireman and engineer. *On each part print plainly the names as indicated in the text, and let the children point to these as they recite; after reciting, each steps back, gradually forming a semi-circle; those in costume form another, directly in front of the first.)

GREETING (by a little girl.)

"For all our mercies God be praised!
And for this pleasant place of meeting;
Kind friends, and dear, assembled here,
The little children give you greeting,
It is not much that we can do
To spread abroad the wondrous story,
Yet we're stewards of God's gifts,
And gladly use them for his glory.
We are young, yet we have learned
That nothing from this duty frees us,
To send the gospel far and near,
To bring our native land to Jesus."

Leader, Perhaps no single agency has done more for the civilization of this great country than has *Steam* under its varied applications. To night we wish to equip and send out our Home Missionary Locomotive. To build and supply it requires the united efforts of men, women and children. We trust the zeal of our young friends will quicken the enthusiasm of us who are older. Children, what shall be our *Boiler*—that most essential and and conspicuous part of our engine?

*A sheet copyrighted, with drawing eight feet long, large enough to be distinctly seen in almost every church can be rented at $1.50, on application to Miss M. E. Holmes, Rockford, Ill. Entire receipts for Missions.

No. 1, (a boy). For this we gladly offer *Love*, which "endureth all things. Love never faileth. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love."

No. 2, (a boy). On these big *Drive Wheels* we inscribe *Strength*. "Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ."

No. 3, (a boy). For these smaller *Truck Wheels* we bring *Serviee*.

"And may our service our devotion prove.
Show us the way and we will follow Thee.
In this great work appoint to us some part,

And each will yield an offering from the heart.
Teach thou our hearts, that we may be
Prepared for service, Lord, for Thee".

No. 4, (a girl). The best of fuel will only smoulder without the draught from a good *Smoke Stack*. To fan the fires of *our* engine and help over the hard places, we shall need *Courage*. "Fear thou not for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee."

No. 5, (a girl). Our *Cylinder and Connecting Rod* shall be *Prayer*.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

No. 6. *Patience* will make a good *Sand Box*.

"Be patient, oh, be patient,
Sow the seeds of heavenly truth
O'er the barren fields of error,
Then wait for coming growth.
The Lord who gives the season
Will bless with quickening grace,
Till the whole broad world rejoices
O'er the ransomed of our race."

No. 7, (a girl). I bring the *Mercy Bell*. (she sings)

"Ring the bells of heaven, there is joy today,
For a soul returning from the wild,
See the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming the weary wandering child.

(All on platform, thus far, unite in chorus.)

"Glory, glory, how the angels sing!
Glory, glory, how the loud harps ring.
'Tis the ransomed army, like the mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free."

No. 8. The *Whistle* shall be *Joy* to sound forth through this broad land, even to the gates of Heaven, the news of sinners saved. "Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

No. 9. (Two advance together). The machinery would soon be worn and poor without us little *Oilers*, "*wipers*" they call us—*Meekness* and *Purity*.

"O learn that it is only by the lowly
The paths of peace are trod.
If thou wouldst keep thy garments white and holy
Walk humbly with thy God."

(B. says): Blessed are the *pure* in heart, for they shall see God."

"Since thou wouldst have us pure from sin
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in
And perfect us in love."

No. 10, (a girl). In darkness we often must go, but our *Head Light* illumines the path. (She sings):

"Jesus bids us shine, with a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle burning in the night;
In this world of darkness each one must shine,
You in your small corner and I in mine."

No. 11, (a girl.) For the *Tender*, we bring *Friendship*. "In union there is strength."

No. 12, (a girl). I bring as *Fuel*, *Faith*, "Lord, increase our faith."

No. 13, (a boy). For *Water* let us take *Righteousness*. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

No. 14, (a boy). Our Locomotive is complete, but we need a worthy *Engineer*, who is better than *Wisdom*?

"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom."

No. 15, (a boy). Let zeal be the *Fireman*. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Leader. What *name* do we give our Locomotive?

All together. "Home Missions," and let it go and go, till the whole wide world our Jesus shall know.

Leader. But it does not move. The real engine cannot till the living fire is applied to the fuel—no more can our Home Mission Locomotive move without the presence and power of Christ. Can we have this?

All together. His command is "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations," and His promise is "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

All sing one verse of "Coronation".

Leader. How shall this Locomotive cross the ravines and climb the mountains of difficulty?

No. 16, "Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall

be made straight, and the rough places plain."

Leader. What classes of people are awaiting its coming in our land?

(Enter children dressed in costume one after the other.)

New Mexico.

"I come from the land where the light and the darkness,
The good and the evil are ever at strife,
To plead for my famishing ones 'ere they perish,
For you have the bread and the water of life.
O, send to my people the gospel of of Jesus,
Let the words of the Master their fetters unbind.
Come over and help us, for dark superstition
Debauches the soul and bewilders the mind."

Alaskan.

"Not from the distant orient, I,
Our land lies 'neath your own fair sky,
And Alaska, Alaska has needs,
And earnestly, O, Christian, pleads
For help to break the chains that bind,
And life's immortal way to find."

Mormon.

"O, dark is the fate of the wife and the mother
When the lot of a woman is worse than a slave,
Enshrouded in gloom and encircled in sorrow,
Till love's dearest gift to a girl is the grave.
O send to our people the gospel of Jesus.
Let our priests and philosophers bow at His feet,
Let the heralds come from over the prairies
And quickly the offer of mercy repeat.

Indian.

"Where the birch canoe is gliding
Past the lilies of the lake,
Where the wolf and bear are hiding,
Where we hear the rattlesnake—,
In a wigwam, rude and wild,
There dwell I, your Indian child.
No one speaks to me of Jesus,
No one teaches me to pray,
No one tells me of a heaven,
Where all tears are wiped away.
No one reads to me God's word,
Sabbath bells I've never heard."

Mt. Whites.

'I bring a cry from the mountains high—

God is a spirit, we hear you say,
Where shall we find Him? Show us the way."

City Waif.

"I bring a cry from the house of sin,
That little children are dwelling in;
List to my voice from the home of want,
Where the poor are cold, in their rai ment scant.
He suffers the children to come? did you say?—
Where shall we find him? Show us the way."

Negro.

"The south is my native land,
The calla lily, pure and white,
Rejoices in the glad sunlight;
Thousands of happy creatures run,
Untamed, unfettered, in the sun;
O, if there be a God of love
Who looks in mercy from above.
Whose heart can change the savage heart,
Bid hate and cruelty depart,
Impel the strong to shield the weak,
Each one his neighbors' weal to seek—
O, teach us how to find His face;
Pity and help our suffering race.
O, Christian land of liberty,
I stretch my eager hands toward thee."

(The children *in costume* now sing to the "Missionary Hymn.")

"From Utah's land of darkness
To ice-bound Labrador;
From mountain, plain and river,
From east to western shore;

From Sitka's northern breezes
To climes of palm or pine,
Rings out one cry of sadness,
O, send us truth divine."

(Other children *not* in costume respond in song,)

"White are the fields to harvest,
The laborers are few,
Arise and for the Master
The glorious work renew.
Toil while the daylight lasteth,
Salvation free proclaim.
Till through our widespread nation
Is known Messiah's name."

(All, *together*, sing):

"Let every wind bear tidings
Of Gospel peace and love,
While hymns of praise are swelling
From earth to heaven above.
Repeat the wondrous story,
Where'er the hearers be
Till Jesus in his glory
Shall reign from sea to sea."

An older girl recites:

"Christian, can you sit in silence,
While this cry fills all the air,

Or content yourself with giving
Merely what you well can spare?
Hear ye not the tramp of people
Marching on to day of doom?
They are dropping, falling swiftly,
Like the leaves, into the tomb.
Souls for whom Christ died are dying,
While the ceaseless tramp goes by,
Can you shut your ears, O, Christian,
To their ceasless moan and cry?

Price 1c. each, 75c. per hundred. Postage 1c. for 1 to 8 leaflets.
"Foreign Missionary Steamship, postpaid, 5c
"Voices of our Southland, postpaid, 3c.

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